A DAY OF PERIL.

bank of the Missouri river. Our object was sport, and considerable numbers of duck and other wild fowl had already fallen to our pieces. Being only about a mile from the mouth of the canyon, and having from the mouth of the canyon, and having I did was to fire off three shots in quick was to fire off three shots in quick leaves to the canyon and after that another volley. from the mouth of the canyon, and having come from Helena that morning as much for the purpose of seeing the wonderful Gate of the Mountains through which the mighty Missouri had worn its way during the countless ages of the past, as for the little sport we might perchance meet, I was determined on seeing it as soon as possible.

My companions were three young men like myself. Each of us had a grn and were all more or less good marksmen, but they seemed so highly pleased with their sport that my entreaties with them to push on the purpose of seeing the wonderful the rock was still visible. Then it seemed as though a kind of still, small voice reminded me of my little geological hammer which I always carry in my hip pocket when going out. Could it not be utilized in some way? Confident that the end had come, I grew almost desperate, and if I could not find some way of scaling that cliff I would resign myself to my fate. After some little time I discovered a crevice where the wall hung like the hanging wall in a mine, and this I surveyed and measured in every possible way. If I

seemed so highly pleased with their sport that my entreaties with them to push on toward the canyon were utterly futile, so I decided on going alone.

Every person knows that the Gate of the Mountains is only twenty odd miles from Helena, and most people living in the district are familiar with the peculiarities of this region. Those who have sailed through through the canyon on the little steamer that plies there in summer time will call to mind their impressions of the almost perpendicular walls of rock that rise for over a thousand feet on either side. It is an experience that I had at this place on last Sunday that I am now about to relate. It is not with pleasure that I recall the incidents of that perilous climb, but it seems to be almost my duty to relate what I experienced in order that others may not wander into the same pathway of danger.

As I approached the canyon the river bank grew steeper and steeper, but seeing many projections and pathways as I thought on the mountain side beyond, I risked the slippery track I was wasking on so as to get as near the entrance to the

thought on the mountain side beyond, I risked the slippery track I was walking on so as to get as near the entrance to the gorge as possible. Soon I came to a place where a landslide had occurred a short time previous and in order to cross this I had to scoop holes in the debris. As I pushed on it grew steeper and steeper till I could go no further in safety. I was about thirty feet above the water, but at its edge was a little strand of gravel. This I wanted to reach, so I lay on my back and allowed move with me, and no sooner had I reached the bottom when down came a great avalanche of rock and rubbish that extended out into the water. Fortunately I had room to run forward for safety, but unfortunately it was too steep, too loose and too dargerous to think of going back over. On I went, thinking I would come to some pathway that would lead to the hill tops.

Gradually I kept rising on the embankwent, thinking I would come to some pathway that would lead to the hill tops.

Gradually I kept rising on the embankment as I progressed. Above me were straight rocks and I could not think of straight rocks and I could not think of climbing them, so I kept on and on till my little imaginary track ended at a wide crevice in the cliff. How, I thought, am I to cross this? It was about three feet wide, but on surveying my position I found that by hanging down I could stretch my foot to the branches of a pine tree on the other side and then climb on to a level spot. After a little consideration and somewhat careful tactics, I succeeded in getting there, but only for a piece of string I carried in my pocket I should hardly know how to bring my gun across. In going hunting I am always particular about my accountements, but this little piece of string received

ments, but this little piece of string received more blessings from me than anything I can remember. It was a happy thought to attach the gun to one end and the other to a buttonhole and when I was over draw the gun across. All went well for a while, but I soon found that to keep my footing I had to hold on to the projecting rocks and bunch grass on the cliff side. Worse and worse it was getting when I came to an-other break in the track. This was just where the river turns right into the canyon where the river turns right into the canyon and branches off from sight. To see far beyond I could not, as the moutain side also turned. The mountain above me was rising higher as I went on and it only remained for me to keep pushing onward with the hope of coming to some place of safety. But before me was this sudden break in the convention side like a great wall.

in the mountain side like a great wall twenty feet in height. At the bottom there was standing room if I could drop into it safely, from which I could climb onward, but if I should happen to fall sideways in the drop, then good bye to everything. Again utilizing the string, I let the gun

hang over the side and then dropped into some convenient bushes. From there onward and upward I kept moving, slowly and cautiously. Every movement I made the debris seemed to slip from under me, the deoris seemed to slip from under me, but I was strictly on the alert for the safest possible spots to tread on. In some places I had to go on hands and knees to cross in safety lest my weight should move the rubbish and all roll together into the current. At last I got to a rock many feet square and here I sat and pondered. It was only then that I fully realized my peril. A little beyond was a chasm fully a hundred feet in depth and surely I could go no further. Looking upward the almost perpendicular rocks seemed to rise out of sight. Looking back over the path I trod made me feel still worse, for to return the same way was impossible. Looking down, there was an awful torrent fully turn the same way was impossible. Looking down, there was an awful torrent fully two hundred feet beneath me. Again looking up, for as I thought surely my only means of escape must be upward, I shouted aloud unconsciously, for there above me was a prospect hole or tunnel in the mountain side. I shouted and again waited, but no answer came. Then I tried to ascend.

again waited, but no answer came. Then I tried to ascend.

As I moved and caught rock after rock it crumbled at my touch, and then it flashed across my mind how it was this wonderful canon was formed. The stone was limestone, but of an impure kind. Clays and marls had been mixed in its formation, rendering it as brittle as common shale. There it was crumbling in every place; the detritus was composed of it, and owing to its friable nature the canon was widening slowly but surely. As the pieces fell to the water the current carried them farther and farther on and so the process of denudation was going on. Here I lightened my load by taking off my coat and vest and utilizing the biessed string by tying them and the gun to one end, and the other to a buttonhole. The cliff before me was like an inclined wall at an angle of about ninety and the gun to one end, and the other to a buttonhole. The cliff before me was like an inclined wall at an angle of about ninety degrees, while beyond the approach to the cave or prospect hole seemed easier. Had the crumbling rock given way I would have gone headlong to the river. On getting up I pulled the little bundle after me and then crept on hands and knees towards the hole. As I got near there were signs of some kind of animal on the ground, but no impressions of any kind. I had expected to see some pathway leading from it, but, to my regret, it was only a hollow worn in to my regret, it was only a hollow worn in the rock by the action of the weather. Tired, I was about to sit down, when I no-ticed a bed of some kind, an animal's lar. What kind I was unable to determine, but I suspected it belonged to coyote. On booking about to try and solve the mystery, to my great surprise I saw a wild cat coming up the rocks. Now the rifle came into use. Making sure it was loaded and taking steady aim I fired at his head as he faced me. The ball went through and evidently along his spine, for he gave a complete somersault and tumbled right down the embankment to the river. But whether he

had fallen in I could not say, as he was lost to sight. It was not many moments till I left that place, but all I can now re-Thrilling Experience of a Resident of Helena at the Gate of the Mountains.

An Exploring Trip Which Contains a Lesson for More Adventurous Spirits.

Hears of Wanderlag in the Canon, and Almost Fled.

We had been lying in ambush on the left bank of the Missouri river. Our object was sport, and considerable numbers of that I made level I laid down to die, as I thought, a slow and horrible death. I must acknowledge I am not much of a praying man, but few men have ever prayed as earnestly as was my prayer on that ledge of rock. I must have been there was sport, and considerable numbers of the canon hands and knees fer a long time over many dangerous places. Soon I got to another cave, but to many moments till I left that place, but all I can now remember is creeping on hands and knees fer a long time over many dangerous places. Soon I got to another cave, but to many grater surprise it was a projection that might well becalled the eagle's eye, and instead of a passage from it on the other side there was a deep chasm. The only thing that enabled me to keep up my spirits at all was the fact that I was going higher and higher at every step, but the worst was yet to come. To leave this place I had to climb along a ridge of rocks as one would go from window to window on the outside of a house. I dare not look down lest my kead should get dizzy and lose my balance, but as I rounded this iedge I was confront ed by a straight wall fully fifty feet height. My God! what am I to do now, I cried. The climax had come. The journey was almost ended. Getting to a little spot that I made level I laid down to die, as I thought, a slow and horrible death. I must acknowledge I am not much of a praying man, but few men have ever prayed as earnestly as was my prayer on that ledge of rock. I must have been there

A Musician's Wants.

San Francisco Chronicle: There was a regimental bandmaster on the island of Jersey who lived beyond his means. It was supposed that it would be a real charity to ask him to a really good dinner, and a special invitation was given him to a big banquet. He came, and came early. But when he was taken into the dining-room before dinner and shown where his seat was, he stammered and stuttered and finally declined to go to the banquet at all. "But," he said, "you can do me a favor. Is there to be ice cream?"

"Yes."
"Well, if you can give me a dish of ice cream now and let me go I'll be ever so much obliged to you." He got a dish and sat down corner and finished it with gusto. Then he

An Expression of Delight.

"About a week ago," says a Los Angeles, Cal., druggist, "a Chinaman came in with a lame shoulder. I sold him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and guaranteed that it would cure him. He came in again last night, and as soon as he got inside the last night, and as soon as he got inside the door began to swing his arms over his head like an Indian club swinger. I thought the blamed fool had a fit, but he finally stopped long enough to say: "Medicine velly fine, velly fine; alle same make me feel plenty good." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is without an equal for sprains, rheumatism, aches, pains or lame back. For sale by H. M. Parchen & Co.

Editor of the INDEPENDENT: Please an nounce in the columns of your valuable pa-per that we are sole agents for St. Patrick's Pills, the most perfect cathartic and liver pills in the market. They not only physic, but cleanse the whole system; pu-rify the blood and regulate the liver and bowels; they are vigorous but gentle in their action and can always be depended upon. For sale by H. M. Parchen & Co.

HELENA, Oct. 7, 1887.

I was suffering from an unusually bad cough, my lungs were sore and congested, and I consulted one of the best physicians in Helena, whose prescriptions failed to relieve me. I became alarmed, and at the suggestion of a friend purchased a bottle of Acker's English Remedy for coughs, and after taking it according to directions was completely cured. I therefore cheerfully recommend it.

JACOB SWITZER.

I had a racking cough and inflamed completely cured. I therefore cheerfully recommend it.

JACOB SWITZER.

I had a racking cough and inflamed throat and bought a bottle of Acker's English Remedy upon the recommendation of a friend, and was entirely cured by it. I consider it a never failing remedy for a cough.

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Nasal catarrh is probably one of the most disagreeable ailments that a person can be afflicted with. If Dutard's Specific is used with a douche or even snuffed up the nose according to directions, morning and even-ing, a radical cure can in most cases be ef-fected. Sold by R. S. Hale & Co., whole-sale and retail agents, Helena.

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